

handcuffs. by cl3rks

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Arrest, Blood, Bruises, F/M, Gen, Gender-Neutral Pronouns, Injury, M/M, Other, Reckless Driving, Swearing, car theft, congrats, semi destruction of property, thats legit it, you legit just steal a car

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Summary:

You find entertaining (see; illegal) things to do in Hawkins, a place where fun has to be created.

1. i

Author's Note:

I TRIED TO MAKE THIS AS GENDER NEUTRAL AS POSSIBLE !!

Let me know if; you find a pronoun in there that shouldn't be, or a typo! I will fix it as quickly as possible.

p.s: i love jim hopper, end me.

Jim Hopper was not a complicated man. He liked coffee in the mornings, at least one donut and he wanted the town to be completely and utterly *normal*.

You, however, put a huge dent in the normalcy of it all. You were half his age and causing more trouble than he did when he actually *was* your age. Your delinquent ways from your early adulthood to the point in 1983 when you suddenly decided that, hey, stealing his car was a brilliant idea!

In hindsight, at least, it was a brilliant idea, but after... or, y'know, during, it turned out not to be.

Let's start back at square one.

It was mid-afternoon and you were sitting in Benny's, an empty coffee mug before you.

You didn't even get coffee, you just ended up pouring sugar packets into it while you waited around for something to do. You found it, at that moment, when Powell and Callahan walked in. They were shortly followed by Chief Hopper, and you felt a grin ease onto your face at the sight of them.

The two former officers didn't even glance at you but, as he always did, Jim Hopper, in all his glory, surveyed the entire diner *just in case*. His gaze flicked over you for a moment as his eyes went over every face or back facing him. His gaze snapped back to you and he

narrowed his eyes slightly, taking a deep breath to calm the sudden spike in his nerves.

Clearly, you weren't a first offender, and forgive him for profiling you in that sense.

He had a right to, after all, especially with what you were about to do. The grin that was stretched across your face made Jim more nervous than he thought it would, but regardless, he sat down and ordered a cup of coffee.

You were out the door and in his truck before he even got his mug half full.

He glanced out the window to look at the street, seeing people happily walking along before he noticed you sitting in the driver's seat of his beloved vehicle. He didn't care, at that exact moment, until he did a double-take and the reality settled in.

"Holy shit." You muttered as the look in his eyes, even from the car, was nothing but fierce – that much you could tell. "Oh, God."

Jim started towards the door, his long legs carrying him there faster than you thought as Callahan and Powell clumsily followed suit.

"Get outta my damn car, [Y/N]!" Jim shouted angrily, a shriek erupting from your throat as the engine roared to life, just as the chief reached the side and attempted to yank open the door. His fingers fumbled and you locked it, shifting the gears quickly and backing up. "Shit!"

You practically howled with (anxious) laughter as you sped down the street, soon to be chased by the three officers at the diner.

With every turn, you nearly crashed. Anxiety was high and the risk of making it through this joyride without a couple of bruises? Well, now, the chances for that were very low.

You cringed as the bumper swung too far and whacked another car and you yelped when the front left headlight got smashed against a car you attempted to pass without harm.

Not only were you causing more damage to the car than had ever been caused, but you were also, now, causing damage to a couple shrubs and Mrs. Rhuddard's roses.

Man, she really loved those roses.

You heard her squawk in dismay as you peeled across her lawn, making it into the more suburban section of Hawkins. You glanced in the rearview mirror once, twice – three times – before you glanced over your shoulder, seeing a cop car crammed with the three tall men currently out for your head.

You would've giggled at the sight, had you not turned around immediately and shouted a few curses as a car was heading straight for you. You swerved, shouted a little more and went straight into a pole.

It's safe to say that the three officers would catch you just fine.

2. ii

Notes for the Chapter:

i wrote this entire three chapter thing in two days
and it sucks ASS

You were leaned over the steering wheel as the car's horn blared, causing you to groan and lean back, grasping your head in your hands. The sound stopped as you blinked, feeling like water was plugging your ears as you struggled to move.

"Mmph." You mumbled as your head dropped back against the seat, your hands fumbling for the door handle. You tugged on it a couple times before remembering you locked it, pulling up the black pin-like object before giving the handle another tug and swinging the door open. "Ow."

"Are you nuts?" You heard from behind you, the voice muffled. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

You groaned towards the voice, knowing full well it was Jim but only by the confirmation of him walking up beside you. "My head hurts."

Jim, upon hearing this, looked you over while clenching his jaw. "Hurts bad or just hurts?"

"Just hurts, I think." You say softly, your voice quiet as you look at the concerned police chief standing beside you. "My back doesn't hurt, though."

"Then you're fine." He began to tug you out of the car, one arm under your legs and one behind your shoulders. "C'mon."

"Hey, hey, Chief!" Callahan said as he approached the two of you. "Do you really think you should be moving 'em?"

"If they can talk and walk, they're fine."

"I don't think that's true!" You whined as Jim pulled you fully from the car, placing your feet on the ground as he urged you to stand

properly. He gave you a little push, like a father to their child using a bicycle, and you stumbled slightly. Your leg hurt a little, but *only* a little. You felt a warm trickle down your temple and brought a shaky hand up to touch the red line of blood. “Holy shit.”

“Got blood, chief.”

Jim rolled his eyes and stepped forward and around you, taking your sleeve and yanking it further down your arm to press it to your temple. “Hold that there.”

He then took the handcuffs from the back of his belt and swung them around, clicking one bracelet around your opposite wrist as he led you to the cruiser you were chased down, opened the back door and shoved you in. He clipped the other bracelet to the door handle.

“Do something about that mess.” Jim said heavily as he gestured to his truck smashed into a pole. “And hurry.”

You grumbled as you glanced down at the cuffs. Truly, you weren't hurt and you didn't need any medical attention, but you knew you had a bruise forming on your face from the warmth and stinging feeling you felt there and the blood from your temple didn't do a damn thing to ease your nerves.

You found comfort in the hilarity of Jim practically having to fold himself up to cram into the driver's seat.

He glared at you by looking into the rearview mirror, the soft chuckle and wide smile disappearing as he watched you. He mumbled something, then, something that made you want to kick his seat like a bored child on an airplane. “That's what I thought.”

3. iii

Notes for the Chapter:

yay, part one is done. now, get ready for non-consecutive, totally unrelated oneshots!

By the time you were back at the precinct, your cuffs were on your wrists wholly and totally, the small line of blood on your temple already dried and you were ready to curse Jim and snarl at him like a cat. The only reason your cuffs were on properly was because you were whining so much in the back of the cruiser for Jim to *please get you some god forsaken ice for your damn face!* and he got sick of looking back at you and hearing the pitch at which your voice reached as you begged.

You walked into the small building with your hands behind your back, your jaw clenched and a bag of ice taped to your face.

“Good Lord,” Flo began as she saw you. “What happened?”

“Stole a car.” You shrugged and winced at the tightness of the cuffs.

“My car.” Jim corrected snarkily, watching you glance over your shoulder to glare at him. He narrowed his eyes at you as you shook your head. “Crashed it, got a little hurt.”

“Need me to call the hospital?” Flo questioned, reaching for the phone as Jim sighed heavily. He shook his head and Flo set the phone back down. “Going to holding?”

Jim didn't answer as he walked you to the corner cells, unlocking one of the doors and then having you go in. You turned around as he locked the door, waiting for him to pull your cuffed hands up to his so he could unlock them. He did, slowly, too, and you groaned in relief as your arms dropped to your side.

The first thing you did was rub your wrists, the second was remove the masking tape from under your head. You whined as it pulled at you hair, feeling it sting your skin as you pulled it quickly off your

face. You ended up just holding the melting bag of ice to the side of your face as you found that the entire cell was empty.

“Slow week?” You called.

Jim called back, having already gone to fill something out. “Quiet.”

It wasn't long before you called a friend and, as much as Jim wanted to hold you, there wasn't that much Hawkins could actually do in this case; even with your reckless driving, car theft and destruction of property.

You always got off.

Jim *hated* that. Sure, he could call someone down and actually take care of you, send you off to some tall prison building but what was the point? You've been to jail once and it didn't help then, he figured it wouldn't now.

You were walking the streets within a couple hours.

The only condition the big man, Jim, that is, had was that you needed to go help Mrs. Rhuddard replant her roses, and pay for his car to get fixed. You also had to pay for whatever damages you had caused.

You frowned, grumbled and he, in a very authoritative way, told you not to even start wit your shit because, after all, you brought this on yourself.

You still rolled your eyes and walked away cursing under your breath.

The cycle reset itself; Jim would wait for you to be a complete dick, take you in, you'd get bailed out and it would start allover again.

What the hell else is a person supposed to do in Hawkins?

Author's Note:

i got the handcuff idea from a pal lmao i asked for prompts and they said handcuffs and im just.... "in

what way" ; "any!" so like idk smth sexual may arise
(lmao dick joke) during this series